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# A DIALOGUE

Between

## Monmouth-shire,

A N D

## YORK-SHIRE.

*About Cutting* RELIGION *according to Fashion.*

*Mon.* **T**His Religion (*Mr. York-shire*) is a very Seasonable Garment; cool in Summer, hot in Winter, and Suits with Spring and Autumne both.

*York.* Ay in troth, so 'tis; and I have a good mind to make me a Cloak on't; for that's the

Wear I fancy most.

*M.* Why a Cloak, prethee?

*r.* Oh, Sir, Have you never experimented the Conveniency of that Garb? I'll tell you how it sav'd me a Scouring once, when I met my Tutor full-but with my Neighbors Cock under my Cloak, who inquiring what I had got, was soon satisfied with this answer; '*Twas a Riders Dictionary*: God-a-mercy Cloak for that shift: I had as certainly gone to pot as the Cock did afterwards, had not my Cloak hid the Roguery.

*M.* Well, and ever since you love the wear.

*r.* Ay, and ever shall do as long as I live for several substantial Reasons; whereof I give this as one: That a man in a Religious Cloak may walk incognito, carry Vice on with Virtues Face, present his Friend a Dagger, when he expects but a How do you; and a shake by th' hand; appear upright, though stigmatiz'd and ill stamp'd by Nature.

*M.* But what piece of Religion do you fancy most to make a Cloak on? There's the *Protestant*-piece, the *Presbyterian*-piece, the *Roman*-piece, the *Anabaptist*-piece, the *Socinians*, the *Muggletonians*, *Sweet-singers*, *Independents*, *Quakers*, and the Lord knows what?

*r.* I know that well enough, but the *Roman*-piece for me, that's the Original, and is most in Fashion all o're the World.

*M.* Don't tell me of *Rome*, *France*, *Italy* and *Spain*, and them Foreign Places: I am for what is most worn in my own Country, and for that which my Father wore before me.

*r.* Now you say something; ha, ha, ha! Your Father wore before you, quoth the man; prethee how dost thou know what Cloaths thy Father wore?

*M.* Why I am sure 'twas a Protestant Cloak.

*r.* Ay, but what was the Coat and Britches?

*M.* Faith I can't tell that, for the Cloak was always wrapt so close about him, that the Devil himself could not see what Cut the Suit was of.

*r.* Well with what Antiquary will you consult for the Fashion?

*M.* Hold I - I - I have a pretty pattern of a Britches; but I —

*r.* Something like that on *Oliver's Half-Crown*.

*M.* Ay,

*M.* Ay, ay, 'Twas the Half-Crown I had in my Head.

*r.* Pox o' that pattern, it cost my Father a whole Crown, and I hate the Fashion ever since, and dare not countenance it, lest it shou'd cost me one too.

*M.* Prithee, what doest talk of Fashion? This is all the difference 'twixt ours and yours: We cut our Cloth according to Religion, you your Religion according to your Cloth; we make interest according to Religion, you Religion according to Interest.

*r.* Ay this Religion and Interest go glew'd together with you and us too; for which reason I'll make me such a large *Roman* Cloak, that shall be subject enough for three Kingdoms to talk of.

*M.* I'll lay you a Crown; my Britches in *Octavo*, shall raise as much discourse as your Cloak in *Folio*.

*r.* Prithee don't think to bubble me out of my Crown so: I know not what correspondence you have with the Rabble, I will not hazard any thing to their wavering Fancy.

*M.* That which you terme Correspondence, perhaps may prove such Influence, as shall be able to trounce you out of Fifteen Shillings; then how will you look when you've lost Three Crowns, if you stick so much to hazard One.

*r.* Trounce me! what's trounce me? I am sure you can't get it by Fair play, and therefore you must use some Cheat; and *male parta, male dilabuntur*, what's got over the Devils Back, is spent under his Belly. But God blefs him that holds the stakes.

*M.* Amen, from you and all *York-shire* Blades.

*r.* Why from all *York-shire* Blades, do you think there's none sound and honest of them.

*M.* I can't tell how sound you are, but this I'm sure, there has been a sad Murrain among you: Neither know I your honesty, but I believe there's not one of you wou'd stick to cut his Brothers Throat for interest, and that your red letter'd Calender signifies well enough.

*r.* Prithee don't pretend to be so much of a Head-piece, as to make expositions on any thing: What's what is enough for you.

*M.* Marry, but I know I may lawfully pretend to any Head-piece more than you, either to the Fore-piece, or Hind-piece, but especially to the Crown-piece.

*r.* I confess you might have had better pretensions than I far to't, had you not met with that unlucky Knock in your Cradle, which crack'd your Crown.

*M.* I value not that Knock, though it beat it flat; for I doubt not when the Colledge of Physitians shall set in *commune bonum* (for ev'ry ones disease) but they'll take me into cure too, and settle my Crown fast enough I'll Warrant you, and I am resolv'd to stand the Touch.

*r.* Perhaps your Body of Physitians may work extraordinary things, and alter ev'n Natures course contrary to all right and reason; but I believe you must Fee 'em high.

*M.* Nothing shall be wanting toward so extraordinary a Cure, neither diligence nor confidence; and then with what a Jesuitical Face will you look?

*r.* Troth I shall have reason enough to put on a sour countenance, but stay till it comes.

*M.* I'll wait the opportunity, and pray don't you use means to hasten it.